TRIUMVIRADE:

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OR,

BROAD-BOTTOMRY.

A Panegyri-Satiri-Seriq-Comi-Dramatical

POEM.

By PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS, *Author of the* CAUSIDICADE.

Resurgit.
Ille ego qui quondam ——— ANONY. VIRG.

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Paver-Noster-Row*,
(Price One Shilling.)

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

TRIUMVIRADE, &c.

WHEN *Cranbourn* and *Barbon*, as Story records,
This Chief of the C—mm—ns and That of the L—ds,
Had broken the mighty *Leviathan's* Pow'r,
After twenty long Years Opposition and more;
Quite routed his Partizans all to a Man,
While each cry'd, the De'il take the hindmost, and ran:
The Sceptre subsided, and Sov'reign Command
For a Fortnight suspended, at least, thro' the Land.
The two heroic Chiefs 'tis directing the Whole,
Yet moderate, howe'er, in the height of Controul;
In respectful Obedience to R—y—l Request,
As loth with Pr—g—tive much to contest,
And embroil all the Nation in Discord and Jars,
Give Room for *French* Agents to raise Civil Wars,

To

And practice upon us at home, while abroad
The proud common Foe on fair Liberty trod,
The Ballance of *Europe* o'erturn, and but deem us
Only worthy the Favour of proud *Poliphemus*.
Theſe Conſiderations inducing, they err'd,
And fatally national Juſtice deferr'd,
Receiv'd into Mercy, not only, but Place,
'Mong others, the *Paym-ſter*, *Sorjbe*, and the *M—e*.
Well ſaid the great Chief, when he heard it, and true,
Who retains in his Boſom an Adder will rue,
So refus'd to concurr in't and greatly withdrew:
Prophetic he ſpoke, for e'er long the Ingrates
Reſolv'd into Faction, and wrangling Debates:
Regardleſs of promis'd Submiſſion in Station,
Their precarious Condition, and late Situation;
Some dreading the Axe, and ſome others the String,
Diſtreſs'd both th' Affairs of the S—te and the K—g.
For whate'er Propoſal by *Grantham* was made,
For the Good of the Nation in War and in Trade,
Was ſtrongly oppos'd, tho' oppos'd long in vain,
For his Sov'r—n did e'er th' Oppoſition reſtrain:

'Tis

'Till the Stateſman, indignant, to find 'em perſiſt,
And revolving the Conſequence deep in his Breaſt;
How the Nation muſt ſuffer, himſelf be too vex'd,
And his Sov'r—n by diff'rent croſs Counſels perplex'd:
With true Patriot Care, as good *Sommers*, fam'd Lord,
Did honeſtly erſt deal with *W—ll—m* the Third,
He Sincerely adviſ'd, for his Int'reſt 'twas beſt,
To let him withdraw, for a while at the leaſt.
The Mon—ch, reluctant, complied with th' Advice,
As he hardly could 'e'er find a Stateſman like *This*.
Prodigious his Talents and form'd for the Helm,
E'er ſtudious to unite both the K—g and the R—lm,
An Enemy always profeſs'd againſt *France*,
Their Faith ſo perfidious, and vain Complaiſance.
Reſigning, he gratified all their Deſires,
Depriv'd of his Counſel, the K—g follow'd theirs;
Confuſion enſu'd, wild Debate and Uproar,
Betwixt thoſe who'd come *in*, and thoſe *in* before:
Many Schemes were invented, but none could ſucceed,
And many were call'd, tho' but few wou'd concede.

However

However *Broadbottomry* gain'd unawares,
That Monſter which ruin'd great *W-ll-m*'s Affairs;
Diſtracted his Councils, obſtructed his Meaſures,
And crampt, both at home and abroad, all his Meaſures.
As a firm Coalition could never yet be,
Since the *Whig* and *the Tory* could never agree;
And, if Right I the Figure of Prophecy caſt,
Their future Behaviour you'll find like the paſt;
Miſtruſtful and jealous, they'll raiſe their old Hate,
And, to croſs one another, will ruin the St——e.

But what moſtly perplex'd 'em (as *Præſes*, the ſage,
With cautions, declin'd to expoſe his old Age
To Conteſt and Faction) was, who ſhou'd be PRIME,
'Till they wiſely agreed to confer it on him,
Whoſe Head, upon Meaſure, ſhould longeſt be found,
But the Miſchief on't was, they were all ſhort and round.
Of equal Dimenſions, than deep rather ſhallow,
So that neither could caſt a Reproach on his Fellow.
Since therefore amongſt them, it could not be ſaid,
There was fit for the Service one ſingle good Head,

They

They resolv'd still more wisely, to try if they cou'd,
By joining their Heads, the Deficience make good.
In the Counsel of many there is Safety we count,
And a Groupe of *short* Heads to one *Long* may amount.
To vacate and fill up the Places, of those
Whom they had, in their Wisdom, proscrib'd as their Foes,
They debated with Caution and Care, as they knew
From the Error of *Grantown* their Politics true:
But first importun'd, with unanimous Voice,
Since the Station of Prime met not *Prasos*'s Choice,
He'd vouchsafe, at the least, to assist with his Care,
And, resuming th' old Office, relinquish the *Chair*.
Tho' a Post of great Honour, yet well might be fill'd,
By one in th' Affairs of the Public less skill'd.
"Your Ability call you to serve, quo' his *Gr——s*,
"Where Experience is wanted, to wit, your old Place.
"None can ably the long-headed *Grantown* succeed,
"And only your Wisdom can his supercede.
His L-rdsh-p with Honour and Business quite cloy'd,
Wou'd fain have remain'd in the Place he enjoy'd.

Arriv'd as it were, ſafe in Port from the Main,
Was loth to launch out into Hurry again;
But howe'er, as with Faction he never took Part,
But had always his K—g and his Country at Heart;
In Honour of theſe, he vouchſaf'd to reſume,
But look'd with Regret on the Poſt he came from.

Th' Aſſembly broke up and adjourn'd for a Time,
And whiſper'd about, that whoever wou'd trim
And come to their Scheme, on the *Broadbottom* Plan,
Shou'd be welcome, and all be preferr'd to a Man:
Provided they would not obſtruct the Supply,
And join in their Meaſures great *Job* to decry.
The Deſire took Effect, lo! the Creatures all cringe,
By Avarice prompted and hopes of Revenge,
In the Sunſhine of Promiſe they wantonly baſk'd,
And implicitly gave into all that was aſk'd;
They paſs'd the S—pp—y, without one ſingle Nay,
And ſo loyal were all the good C—mm—ns that Day,
That had but ſome M—ber the Motion promoted,
They'd as Uſeleſs that poor Monoſillable voted.

Nay

Nay the Sons of old *Jacob* themſelves, it is ſaid,
Were ſo pleas'd with the Hopes of again making Head,
That they wrote to their Party, a while to ſuſpend
Putting Bumpers about to their old *Roman* Friend,
Untill further Orders how each ſhould compoſe,
And that *W——ſh——n* had once been again at the C——,

Tho' the two virtuous H——ſes obediently did
Whatever our mighty *Triumvirate* bid;
Yet Matters went on very ill at St. *J*——,
For his old faithful Servant the *Great one* explains:
Return me my Friend, my great Statesman, quo' he,
Who can equal his Skill? not together you Three:
Scribonius, perhaps, you'll ever your can write,
Suppoſe it be granted—— ſay who will indite?
'Tis not the prompt Hand, nor the Mind will ſuffice,
'Tis the Head that can counſel alone and deviſe.
I'll allow you may head, on Occaſion, a Mobb,
And fight, like old *Ajax* himſelf, with a Clubb;
Drive *Tories* and *Orinoniſts* all down before ye,
And acquire with proud *Bell* of the Poſt-Office Glory.

But ſay; can you ſtem the proud *Gaul* and *Bavar*,
And ſuſtain, 'gainſt the *P—ſſian* perfidious, the War?
No, no, as but fit for domeſtic Affairs,
Little Matters left *Grantown* alone to your Cares.
Mind therefore your Province, ſuppreſs the Sheep-ſtealers,
* Street-Robbers and Gamblers, and Journeymen Taylors.
You *Theſaurii*, may boaſt your great Skill in Accounts
And the Manage of Payments, but when you have don't,
Can you fill up the Coffers of it—lie with Supply,
Or, in Treaty, with foreign Ambaſſadors vie?
Tho' you did very well when old *Bobb* held the Wand,
And acted with Diligence under Command;
Yet to act and to think are quite diff'rent, I deem,
Ways and Means are not eaſy, tho' *Scroop's* in the Scheme.
And you with your Gold-tuffed Gown and the M—rr—l,
Your Tragedy Wig, and your Madam-like Face,
Preceded in Pomp by a croud of mean Fellows,
Which you took from the Dirt, like **, as they tell us,
From the proud aukward Bumpkin who carries the P—e,
To that ſimple young Fellow, who hangs at your A—,

Do

* v. Several late Gazettes.

Do you think that Bench Learning and Preſident Prate
Can ſufficiently qualify Men for the St—e.
Go, withdraw to your Office, and keep in that Sphere,
Or, perhaps, you may pay for your Forwardneſs dear.
Remember the Fate of your Patron; when he,
Neglecting his Poſt, fain a Stateſman wou'd be.
His Vices and Views and his ill-gotten Store,
His defrauding of Orphans and grinding the poor,
Had paſt unexamin'd, and Perquiſites deem'd,
Had he kept to his *Laſte* and ne'er aim'd to have climb'd.
Have you carried your Cup then ſo even as ye think,
As ne'er to have ſpill'd one Drop of good Drink?
If ſo: Yet remember that mine are the S—ls,
Lo! *R—d—r* makes Intereſt, and ready is *W—s*.
The *Triumvirate* yet, notwithſtanding this Check,
Reſolv'd to go on and digeſt the *Rump Steak*.
What tho' at the Threſhold a little, they tript?
Pray why ſhou'd they fear? they're too big to be whipt.
What tho' they're forſook by their *K—g* and by Heaven,
Recourſe to the Devil may make Matters even.

A good Scripture Text, for the Purpoſe, they quoted,
I think it is ſome where in *Samuel* noted;
How without the Aſſiſtance of Lightning and Thunder,
As now does our *Fauſtus*, the good Witch of *Endor*,
Did without the leaſt Noiſe, ſave alone her own Squall,
Raiſe the Prophet, or Devil, or both up to *Saul*.

But a pox on the Spoak that's got into the Wheel;
Not one ſingle Conj'rer to talk with the De'il,
Can they find in their Party; no, not even one!
For the Conjurers all are engag'd with great *John*.
Well a day and alack! muſt the Project be foil'd,
And their Porridge, for want of a Conjurer, ſpoild?
What then's to be done? all their Counſels are various,
Till united at laſt by the great *C-nc-ll-rius*.

A Conjurers Sphere, *under Favour I ſpeak it*,
I'n't ſo difficult ſure, but we may undertake it.
With humble Submiſſion, quo' he, my Compeers
We can make up, among us, a Conjurer's Geers.
Lo! I've a long Robe, as all Conjurer's have,
And your *Honour* a Wand, and your *G—ts* can engrave

Illegible

Illegible Characters, juſt like your Title,
And all muſt allow you can ſcribble a little.
Behold! then a Conjurer's Enſigns compleat!
And now for a Head to go thro' with the Feat.
If two Heads are ought better than one, you'll allow
That three muſt of Courſe be yet better than two.
Join we then *Paracraus*, ſo ſep'rately fam'd,
And if we don't conjure, by G—d I'll be damn'd.
Pleaſe God! we ſhall ſoon with th' Aſſiſtance of theſe,
Raiſe the Devil *in propria Perſona* with Eaſe.
So a Circle he ſtruck with the Wand on the Floor,
And thus he incanted Hell's Sovereign Pow'r.
" Oh! Thou who preſid'ſt o'er the Caverns below,
" Where Nitre and Brimſtone in livid Flames glow;
" Where Stateſmen, Phyſicians and Lawyers abide,
" And Placemen for voting, and Biſhops beſide!
" Sole Diſpoſer of Riches, Preferment and Gain,
" And Garters and Honours and Pleaſure and Pain.
" By whom as *Triumvirater*, here we command,
" And hold theſe *Inſigna*; *M—s*, *S—k*, and the *W—d*;
" Anno

" Attend in this perilous Time and amain,
" In forming a ſolid good *Broadbottom* Lin.

Not long had they pray'd, as the courteous poor Devil,
Is to Votarys ever obliging and civil;
Keeps none in Suſpence, like his *Honour* or *Grace*,
When they cringe at the Levy for Penſion or Place.
Strait a Rumbling was heard and the Floor open'd wide,
Like the Stage in the Playhouſe for Ghoſts in to glide.
The *Triumvirates* trembling, were ſhock'd at the Sight!
All their Hair ſtood an end!——and up popp'd a Sprite.
A Coronet Ducal ſurrounded his Head,
On a Wand he ſupported a Body well fed;
Theſaurus look'd pale and conceiv'd that ſome L—d
Wou'd engroſs to himſelf all the Tr—ſ—y Board:
But was ſoon undeceiv'd, for ſtraitway the *Thing*,
Bounc'd, dropping the Wand, to the *Chair* with a Fling.
Lo! it ſaid, or at leaſt it ſeem'd to have ſaid:
" The Decree of the Power, to whom you have pray'd,
" Who lives in the Country at Kn——s unbelovd,
" Yet by truckling at C——t has been long there approvd:

" Who

" Who among Country 'Squires erects up a Fort,
" Yet can ſtoop to the C—rt's Servants at C—rt,
" Is kick'd, from a Poſt of more Profit, up Stairs,
" Supremely to nodd in the *Chair* of all Chairs.

Then followed a Colonet equal in Size,
Of equal Importance and equally wiſe,
With unducal Submiſſion he took up the Wand,
Bow'd low and march'd on with the Bauble in Hand.
Took his Place next the Firſt, and then ſaid, my good Friends,
" Your Servant concurs in your religious Ends.
" Juſt arriv'd from my Government o'er the poor Bog,
" Where I reign'd, without Power, like a Child of King Log;
" Without even the Privilege, hardly to give
" A Place in my Kitchen to any alive.
" In minuteſt Affairs, bid to Act or Not Act,
" With Leviathan Bob, my high Lord Paramount.
" That thus was the Caſe, you will readily agree,
" As your ſelves were accountable alſo, like me,
" Old Satan rejoices and greets you all Three.

Next appear'd in an Inſtant direct thro' the Door
And not from the De'il thro' the Hole in the Floor,
A Form pretty much on the ſhort and Rotund,
By many much prais'd, and by others much d—n'd.
On his Right appear'd Wit, very ſprightly and gay;
Good Senſe on his Left ſhone as bright as the Day.
In the Converſe of theſe he alternately ſhone,
And at laſt found the Secret to join them in one.
Sound Wiſdom and Judgment attended aloof,
And waited his Nodding ſome little way off.
But ſeldom of either of theſe he made uſe,
Except now and then in Debate at the *Houſe*.
Behind him the Muſes ſwept all in a Train,
Illumin'd his Mind and intun'd his ſoft Vein;
While Glory diſplay'd 'round his Head in a Beam,
And Honour broke forth on his Boſom in Rays.
With ev'ry great Quality happily bleſt,
Like th' affable *P—g—tt*, great Genius deceaſt.
Ah! *P—g—tt*, by Arts and the Sciences mourn'd,
Deplor'd by the Muſes he lov'd and the learn'd;

Let

Leſs noble by Birth than by Talents well known,
And, perhaps, by *Phil-Nobilis* equal'd alone.
Diſdainfully coy, look'd our Wit on the *Three*,
And ſaid, prithee *Meſſieurs*, your Pleaſure with me?
'Tis to give you whatever you pleaſe, anſwered They,
So you quit for the State your great Paſſion for ——
In the one you excel and go through without Trouble,
In t'other you labour to ſhew you're a Bubble.
" As the *Legacy* left (replied he) is near gone,
" A Riſque of refunding I hardly can run;
" 'Twas meant to diſtreſs, whom the Donor call'd K——s,
" But to fall in with F——s me at Liberty leaves.
" If to ſerve I vouchſafe, 'tis for State and Parade,
" Not for Lucre and Gain as of late was your Trade.
" Viceroy over *Begland*, with plentifull Pow'rs,
" And ſubject alone to my K——g's and not YOURS.
" With Diſpoſal of Places, alone is my Choice,
" And that Trade and Land Intereſt be made to rejoice."
Be't ſo, quo' the Three, ſo you think not too much
To haſten to *H-ll-nd* to bring o'er the *D—b*.

Soon after him riſes the Shade of old G——

" I'm doom'd to the Office, quo' he, I'd before.
" 'Tis true I reſign'd, but it was in a Pet,
" The raſh foolish Action I ſtill do regret.
" Yon *Ceſtrian* muſt inſtantly quit and make room,
" Lo! *H-n-v-r G——r*, now returns to his Home,
" With a D——ke in his Hand, fine and gay like a Plume!

He hardly had finiſh'd, e're *Ceſtrius* came in,
His Countenance comely and placid his Mein,
Tho' ſullied a little, by nightly Debauch,
Bad Hours, and bad Comp'ny, and drinking too much;
An Averſion t'inſpect his domeſtic Affairs,
While yet for the Public's remark'd for his Cares;
E'er bounteouſly lib'ral, in giving away,
But confoundedly ſlow or to thrive on't, I say,
Neglectfull th' *Inſigna* of Office he held,
And with Gentleneſs on his Competitor smil'd.
G——r ſmuth'd them away, and, with ſatisfied Looks,
Exultingly plac'd himſelf twixt the Dukes.

While *Ceſtrius* declar'd " I reſign them with Eaſe,
" Since the Clerks ſink the Perquiſites all and the Fees:
" And the more, as I find, 'tis his *Maj—y's* Pleaſure
" T' appoint me in *Baglard*, Vicar o'er his Treaſure.
" As he whoſe Oeconomy's bad o'er his own,
" May manage, by Paradox, beſt for the C—l—n,
" Quo' Nixon, our Families *ſacer*, on Record;
" And ſacred is *Nixon's* prophetical Word,
" As Both Fate and my Sovereign declare on my Side,
" I inſiſt on Compliance, in ſpite of your Pride.
To the *K—g*, anſwer'd they, I were Obedient and Civil,
Tho' here we acknowledge no Pow'r but the D—l.
Next bolts up a Coronet, dapper and ſhort,
'Twas Dutal, with *Tony* inſcrib'd on his Heart,
Spite of former Engagements, reſolves and great Coſt,
He comes from the Devil to accept of a Poſt.
" Tho' once, quo' the Shade, (as indeed 'twas no more)
" In the Days of my Folly, ſometime, heretofore,
" At the gay, Duke of *M—lb—h*, diſdainful, I laught,
" For ſuffering himſelf to be taken by Craft:

" Yet now I'm convinc'd, there are few can reſiſt,
" The Charms of C——t Favour, ſo *properly* preſt.
" Notwithſtanding my vaſt and unbounded Eſtate,
" Which well with Revenues of Princes may mate,
" A reſiſtleſs Propenſion impels me to crouch
" At C——t for a Poſt, and ſome Thouſands to touch.
" As, howe'er, to a Point, it is known I am ſtubborn,
" You have heard of my naval Affairs down at *W*——n.
" Croſs that vaſt Sea-Canal, I've ſucceſsfully ſail'd,
" And yet was I never once ſhipwreck'd or fail'd.
" The Structure of Shipping I well underſtand,
" And how to give Orders to ſail——o'er the Land.
" Oft I've been in great Battles, altho' but in Mock,
" And bravely bore up againſt the Danger and Shock;
" The huge double E——l, who lits as firſt L——d,
" And leads all the reſt by the Noſe at the B——d.
" Muſt yield in Experience to me, all allow,
" As a *D*—— is more ſkill'd than an E——l you know;
" Notwithſtanding the two Chryſtal Wheels, which incloſe,
" With monſtrous Circumference, the tip of his Noſe;

" And

" And that on Twelfth Night, by his *Legerdemain*,
" He may ſtrip us new C——tiers perhaps, of our Gain.
Well ken we your Meaning (quo' the THREE) my Lord D—,
A *Grantonite* he! and contemns our Rebuke.
He, and all his Aſſociates, we'll ſoon ſet aſide,
Save one, who ſhall ſtand new C—ll—rs to guide.
Your Gr—— ſhall ſit Chief, and a Seaman the laſt,
With four noble L—ds, and a Counſellor mixt!
He approving withdrew, bowing low as he paſt.

The reſt of the B——d, in a Group did advance,
Up aloft thro' the Chaſm, as tho' 'twere at once.
One put up as Grandſon to *Neptune* his Claim,
Whoſe Knowledge deriv'd down to him with the Name:
And 'tis hard, if a noble Deſcendant ſhould fail
In his Anceſtor's Art, of the Rudder and Sail.
Another ſupported his Title, as he
Had ſail'd once to *M—yland* over the Sea.
What tho' he't built Ships, which the Winds can ne'er move,
Yet that is no Reaſon but he may improve.

A *Fourth* for a Seat at the B——d muſt prevail,
By *Female* Pretenſions, as ſome ſay, *in Tail.*
A *Fifth* urg'd moſt ſtrongly he'd been in there before,
And was Son to a *D*——, who was Son of a ——.
The *Sixth*, tho' he owned he knew little of Tar,
Yet ſaid, he cou'd plead for the B——d at the Bar;
For the reſt he referred them to *C-bb-n*, not loth
To clench on Occaſion, his Tale with an Oath.
The *Seventh's* Pretenſions were ample and ſtrong;
He had tied up the Univerſe round in a Throng.
What tho' his whole Squadron of Ships he had loſt,
Save one he brought, foundering, home to our Coaſt;
Yet he did his own Buſineſs, you'll ſay, very well;
Yea, and that at the Nation's Expence, I can tell.
They hardly had taken their Places around,
But *Aron Del* flounc'd thro' the Hole in the Ground;
With *Parvulus Tonus* cloſe following in haſt,
As tho' not well pleas'd that he mounted up laſt.
But, bleſs me! how lank, how meagre, and ſtrait!
Run up, like bad Weeds, to a wonderful Height.

Juſt

Juſt like *Little Tony*'s long Portrait in Print!
Soon the Firſt, as the Maſter, was known of the *M——s*;
A kind of a Steward to Turnpikes e'er that,
Well plaid he his Cards 'mong the great ones of State!
And yet not ſo wond'rouſly well, as he chanc'd
To get by the Dint of mere Wedlock advanc'd.
Know you not, who 'twas married the *one* and who 'tother,
And who in the Law, is by Conſequence, Brother?
As 'tis ſaid, that by Kiſſing goes Favour at C——t,
They're diſtinguiſh'd of Courſe, who with Siſters conſort.
Thus Pentateuc *A-ron*, with *M-ſes* of Old,
Shar'd, as Brother in Law, both in Places and Gold.
Quo' *Tonus*, for he cou'd beſt ſpeak as a Poet,
And that he's no bad one our fair ones allow it.
" Lo! before you a Brace of good T——f——y Lords,
" For ſo it is written below in Records.
" In the room of old *G——lf——u* and *C——pt——n* we come,
" Who' beneath your *Triumvirate* Pleaſure ſuccumb.
" A Pair of known *Grammarians*." Bet ſo, quo the Three,
" We all very chearfully ſign the Decree,

Who

Who had, happily, to his Paternals of late,
Got added a lucrative Name and Eſtate.
Gorgo Bubb Dodo, creeping up, on all Fours,
With Care and with Caution the Trap-Hole explores.
" A Poet, quo' he, long diſtinguiſh'd by Fame,
" And known by all critical Judges, I am.
" The Praiſes of many I've ſung heretofore,
" And among them, pox on't, of Sir *Bob* in his Pow'r.
" Very great is the Largeſs I'd give to ſuppreſs
" Thoſe Verſes, of which I'm aſham'd I confeſs.
" They're flat in my Teeth contradicting each Word,
" In my Speeches made ſince, as thoſe Speeches record.
" To praiſe firſt in Verſe, then abuſe him in Proſe,
" Does rather my own, than his Weakneſs expoſe.
" Great *Temple* did wiſely to burn what he'd writ,
" In *Arlington*'s Praiſe, when he found he was bit.
" But a Candidate now I appear to your G—e,
" And both your Comptrollers, for the Tr—ſ—r's Place.
" The Bar'net, that I may get in muſt reſign,
" Old *Nick* has declar'd in the Shades it is mine,
And ſo do we here (quo' the Three) make it thine.

The

The high-favour'd *Wallo*, blind Fortune's bright Son,
Who for ever commem'rates the Year *Twenty-one*.
Great Patron in *Broadbottom* Writing's Behalf,
By Bum-Flogger *G—th—y*, and Gazetteer *R——ph*,
Succeds in the Hole, and as Candidate stands,
For the *C—ff—r's* Place 'gainst the Patriot Lord ——.
Said, the Council infernal, declar'd it was his,
With the Perquisites all and the Poundage and Fees.
" Tho', quo' he, it requires neither Talents nor Skill,
" And that even Dunces the Station may fill;
" As 'tis plain, if we measure, by Deputy *O——d*,
" who must pack up his Awls, and march off with his Lord.
" Yet I, by Misfortune and Accident, am
" Better qualified for it than all you can name.
" The K——g's Civil List, as of late stands the Case,
" You know's in Arrear, about two Years space.
" The Household grow clam'rous for Pay and Livery,
" And even the Judges, for Salary, use Fee.
" This Noise, and this Clamour can ne'er reach my Ear,
" 'Tis'n't proper the *C—ff—r* always should hear.
Quo' the *Triumvirs* right, your Pretensions are clear.

Lo! aſcends from the Cavity, loud in a Storm,
A truly original *Broadbottom* Form.
A Broadbottom Subſtance all over, I vow,
Head, Shoulders and Arms, and, as all will allow
In th'Extent of the Word, *Broadbottom'd* below.
'Twas thence, firſt the Term had the Honour to come,
Broadbottomry ſprung from our Baronet's Bum:
A diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtic for Mirth,
O! *ye Knights of the Bum*, kiſs the Place of your Birth.
" I'm come, quo the Bulk, up from *Tartarus* here,
" To acquaint the *Triumvirate* how they muſt ſteer.
" The De'il gives his Service, his Love, and all that,
" And wiſhes a joyful new Year to the State.
" In Council ſits round him the *Jacobite* Clan,
" From the firſt of K— *J——es* to the laſt of Queen *A—*.
" There, after Debate, 'tis decreed for your Safety,
" ('Gainſt the *Grandonites* other Relief is not left ye)
" To take in the T—ys, to Favour and Grace,
" And that I be *immediately* put into Place,

" With

« With three or four more ; and ſo on, by Degrees,
« 'Till to Power and Council Friend *W—ſh—n* you ſqueeze.
« But as you may think me, perhaps, ſuch a Fool,
« To tell my own Party ſome Tales out of School,
« I aſk not, at preſent, a Poſt in the State,
« Tho' a Lord at the B——d I was nam'd for of late
« I cou'd like very well ; but clear as the Amber
« Is my Right to preſide o'er the Caſh *in the Chamber*.
« Nor has *Somebody* Cauſe at my Sight to be ſcar'd,
« As once in the Gardens at *Richmond* it far'd.
« Far be it from me to have acted *ſo* baſe,
« I'm the quieteſt *Thing* in the World —— in a Place."
E'er bleſt (quo' the *Three*) be Hell's great anointed.
Who ſuch great Politicians has wiſely appointed!
And that our Intrigues he eſpouſes ſo hearty,
To ſcreen us from Long-headed *John* and his Party.
Whom, at Court, and in Country, the People eſteem
As one who can puzzle the De'il at a Scheme.
But, Heaven be prais'd, the good Devil we find,
Is too many for *John* when ſupported by *H—de*.

He crouch'd moſt reſpectfully low, as well pleas'd
To be thus by the mighty *Triumvirate* prais'd.

Lord *Hob* over heard, as he near was at hand,
And moſt righteouſly roſe to oppoſe the Demand.
" Since its come to that Paſs (quo he) that you take-up,
" Againſt all the *pure ones*, with th' old Sons of *Jacob*,
" To the Mob I will call, like my Sire (holy Lubbard)
" *You, who ſtand by Ch—t J-ſ-s, cry* H—B—T *an* H—B—T
" But let him, howe'er have the Place, you are rapt-in,
" Provided that I be made Battle-Ax Captain.
" Each Gentleman P-nſ--ner's Place I can fell
" For Eight hundred Pounds—I the Diff'rence can tell.
When ſuddenly up from the Hole came a Groan
As tho 'twas L—d *B——ſt*." " In Spite I'm undone,
" Of the R-y-al Command;" yet appear'd not his Ghoſt
So that ev'ry one gave him quite over for loſt.

A loud Halloo follow'd, as tho' 'twou'd deprive ye,
Of your Ears and your hearing all Tantara, Tivy
Hoa! *Ringwood* and *Jowler* and *Ranter*, and *Nod*,
As if that old *Nick* was in Chace of a Fox.

Not ſo: but the new common-Hunt of the C—t,
Was ſtealing from *J-n-ſ-n* all his Support;
Hallooing the B—k Hounds away from his Care,
And leave in their Room but a Rope and Deſpair.
Oh Fie! that a P—r, in whom Learning abounds,
Should preſide over the Kennel, and run with the Hounds.

Will Prattle role next, deriv'd from th' old *Boaſon*,
(Who an *Indian* did firſt of a Diamond cozen;
Next the Fa—day plundered and afterwards ran)
With his Limbs very weak and his Face very wan.
He ſaid, tho' for Places he did not much care,
Yet, if he got well, he'd be Clerk of the War,
So he found it conſiſtent to accept of a Place,
With the large Patriot Legacy left by her G—ce.
And that they conſented to make Matters even,
By reducing to *Three*, the odd Number of *Seven*:
For who coy'd a Prattler more aptly ſucceed —
Than he, who can prattle ſo well in his Stead?
Whereupon cry'd the Oeconomiſt *Reaſtring*, if ſo,
I or to the *Marſhal* or *Warden* muſt go.

Then

Then the famous *Convention* Negociator, *K—*,
A ſhopkeeping Ald-rm-n's Son down at *Lynn*;
Erſt a *Bobbite*, but ſince, a true *P—lh—ite* grown,
(For the *Bobbs* and *Pells*, now 'tis ſaid, are not one,)
Rears up thro' the Gap, in original Dung,
Kicking Paym—r *H—p—r* before him along.
" This Man, who, as Lawyer, a R-gue is of courſe,
" And yet, as a *S—t C-m—ee*-man, worſe;
(Quo' the Don,) " as Deſerter I'm order'd to chaſe,
" With a few decent Kicks, from his ill-gotten Place:
" And ſo to ſucceed him myſelf; as anon
" I muſt vacate my Place, to make Room for *Sir* J—n.
" That Place, which with M—ber for *W—ſt—w*, I got,
" At th' Expence of the Nation, to make up a V-te,
" And for wiſely *conventioning* Diff'rences up;
" Tho' the *Grantonites* ſaid I deſerv'd but a Rope.
The Knight — no, the Bar'net, of Britiſh Race reckon'd,
That expell'd the old *Flemings* of HENRY the Second,
Like the De'il his old Friend, when he follow'd the Bar,
Is near when he's nam'd, or at leaſt is not far.

Yet

Yet diff'ring in all other Qualities wide,
For his Sire was a *Methodiſt* Saint *without* Pride.
Both himſelf and *Jack P—t*, (I mean *P—t* the rich
They're ſo many, one hardly can tell, which is which)
Shot lovingly up from the Depth of the Hole
Pinn'd together like Poppets, by Cheek and by Jowl,
Declar'd, howe'er large their Poſſeſſions and clear,
They cou'd yet, thro' Government's *Thouſand a Year*,
Diſtinguiſh Things clearer: and therefore were made,
On the *Broadbottom* Footing, C-mm-ff—rs of Trade.
Soon after ſteps up to the Floor, with a Strut
A Dueliſt, known by the Name of *Will Smutr*.
In Purſuit of a Creature, ycleapt a Buffoon!
Good Sirs! how it chatter'd, and jok'd on a Pun!
But howe'er that may be; with a brandiſhing Sword
Our Hero had like thro' its Guts to have bor'd;
E'er well from ſupporting its Breeches it cou'd,
Its Hands diſengage in Defence of its Bloud.
Will reverendly bow'd when he ſaw the great *Three*
And ſaid, a good Place is appointed for me.

Friend

Friend *Satan* this Moment has giv'n me the Hint
I'm call'd to ſucceed to the Chief of the *M—t.*

After ſhort Intermiſſion, a North Country Sprite,
Starts up in a Rage, from the Dark into Sight.
Th' ilk Devil, quo' he, curſe o' G—d on his Soll,
Ha nae notic'd one *Scot* for a Place on his Scroll,
Iſe therefore appeal to you Three 'gainſt his Spleen,
And inſiſt to be ſome way or other let in;
As my Merit is proven ye can nae refuſe,
Or I'll vote with my Conſcience next Time in the Hooſe.
Ken you nae I'm a Dealer in Speech-making Words?
And can whiten and black as Occaſion affords.
This Neglect of the *Scots* is a Breach of Union,
As may'nt be ſoon cur'd in my humble Opinion:
Iſe therefore with gude lang-tail'd Speeches will brave ye,
An you don't put me ſoon at the Board of the N—y.
Quo' the Triumvirs, take it, ſo among us we have ye.

* * * \

E'er the Candidates hardly were put in their Traces,
d reciprocal Compliments made on their Places.
Crack of loud Thunder burſt over the Room,
tho' that in Earneſt the Devil was come.
we'er 'twas not ſo: and yet almoſt as bad,
r *Triumvirs* ne'er a worſe Sight cou'd have had,
the Ceiling, lo! opens, and *Grantown* drops down,
th a Smile on his Countenance, mixt with a Frown;
riple crown'd Hero ſupported his Right,
the Left, *Britannia*, triumphantly bright.
Triumvirs [illegible], march'd off in great Haſte,
ounted, *unſaſh'd*, *unſeal'd*, and *unmac'd*,
ile *Grantown* turn'd out all the reſt and diſplac'd;
ſtor'd to his K—g the Pre——ve Sword,
d ſecur'd [illegible] People their *ancient Record*;
plac'd all his Friends, and ſtood firm like a Tow'r,
ending *Britannia* from abſolute Pow'r,
Honour, in Glory, in Peace and in Store.

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FINIS.

r the Candidates hardly were put in their Traces,
reciprocal Compliments made on their Places.
ck of hard Thunder burst over the Room;
o' that in Earnest the Devil was come.
r 'twas not so: and yet almost as bad,
rumentry never a weeke sight cou'd have had,
Ceiling, lo! opens, and Guarnera drops down,
Sphere on his Countenance, mixt with a Frown;
own'd Hee's supported his Right,
[illegible] palmipedanly bright:
[illegible] heroic'd off in great Hafte,
[illegible] unglu'd, unglass'd, and unmast'd,
Guarneri cou'd out all the reft and diglac'd;
the K—g the Fr——ve Sword,
[illegible] the People their ancient Record;
all his Friends, and stood firm like a Tow'r,
ing Britannia from ablolute Pow'r,
, in Glory, in Peace and in Store.

FINIS.